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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

### NAME MIGHT BE QUO VADIS

At Any Rate Brilliant Young Chinese Who Studied in United States, Has Kept on Going.

A brilliant young Chinese gentleman, Quo Tchi by name, is among the eminent military and naval leaders conferring at Shanghai in the name of the Chinese Republic, writes Girard in the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Quo," as everybody called him, graduated several years ago at the University of Pennsylvania.

He was president of the Economic club, an editor of the undergraduate magazine and a skillful debater.

I met him at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner at the University club, when he was one of the speakers.

"Do you say 'Chinaman' or 'a Chinese'?" I asked him.

He smiled. "You wouldn't say 'an American,' would you?" he answered.

He told me that when he went home for vacation he had to travel 2,000 miles inland up the treacherous Yangtze-King to reach his home.

Quo became secretary to the first vice president, later the president of the republic. Young as he is, he is one of the big men among his people today.

Judge Gest suggested that his last name might well be "Vadis." At any rate, he has kept on going.

### FIGUREHEAD IS SEEN AGAIN

Makes Its Appearance on Old-Fashioned Craft Resurrected as Result of Cry for Tonnage.

In answer to the war cry for tonnage, a strange procession of sailing vessels is plying up and down the American coast these days, a company of old-fashioned craft whose noses have long been in the mud and whose commercial value seemed to have vanished. But now with brave front these old relics are filling the needs of vessels—and the brave front of the eighteenth century ship, with its heroic figurehead, is again seen in New York harbor after many years.

The discredited died hard among other nations. As an expression of the poetry and superstition of seamen it has lived since the Egyptians and Phoenicians decorated their prows with the carved figure of an ibis, a lotus, a phoenix, or sometimes a gigantic and all-seeing eye, and then confidently set sail under its protection. For these thousands of years the figurehead has been the seaman's god. He has trusted the figurehead no less than his compass or his captain, and there is not a sailor today of the old school who would not welcome its return to modern vessels.

### Scanty Fare.

William Snyder, head keeper at the Central park menagerie, is willing to answer any question regarding animals at any hour of the day or night. That readiness frequently gives him an insight into domestic tragedies affecting the life or liberty of birds, dogs, cats, monkeys and even turtles kept as pets in New York homes, says the New York Herald.

Mr. Snyder was called to the telephone the other afternoon and questioned by an agitated woman who sought to know the proper food for a turtle. Mr. Snyder explained that it depended upon the type of turtle, and upon being informed that it was a little one, 2 inches in diameter, suggested that it be fed one lettuce leaf a week.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the woman, "and I've just sent the maid over to get it a pound of chopped meat."

### Prickly Pear a Pest.

In Queensland the prickly pear is literally overrunning millions of acres of rich land. All efforts to eradicate the pest have proved futile. The rapid spread of the thorny plants and the impossibility of killing them off so that the land that they occupy can be utilized for farming or grazing purposes has so alarmed the government of Queensland, as well as that of the commonwealth itself, that scientists have been invited to study the perplexing situation with the view of devising ways and means for ridding the country of the ruinous pest.

### Simplicity.

Simplicity is not so simple a quality as the word may seem to imply. It is not attained by elimination of desire. Life is not simplified by becoming barren. Simplicity means, not meagerness, but slowness; the simplifying, not of the content of life, but of the direction of life. It is better known as singleness of mind, the uncomplicated directness of a life which moves toward a thoroughly determined end.

### America's Purloined Inventions.

"What shall we invent?" inquired the eminent scientist.

"The first thing," replied the chairman of the meeting, "is to invent some way of keeping a secret."

### Lion Rampant Not Scottish Flag.

John C. Black, convener of the St. Andrew society, Glasgow, in a letter to a correspondent, points out that the lion rampant is not the Scottish flag. It is the banner of the king of Scots, and as such is quartered in the British royal arms. The Scottish national flag is the white saltire on a blue field, just as the red cross of St. George on a white field is the national banner of England. Mr. Black accordingly submits that the Scottish national saltire is the only proper flag to put on sale, should a Scottish flag day on behalf of Scottish troops eventuate in London.—Dundee Advertiser.

### Value of Horses Declines.

The value of horses on the farms in this country seems to have fallen slightly, for the department of agriculture reports that the average value of these horses on January 1, 1917, was only \$103, as compared to \$109 on January 1, 1914. The difference in price between the horses exported and those on the farms is due chiefly to the fact that only the youngest and best horses were sent abroad, while those on the farms include the lame, the blind and the hilt of all ages.

### HOLD A QUEER CONVERSATION

Blind Soldier Finds a Way to "Talk" With Man Who Had Lost Hearing on Battlefield.

How many of our readers have heard of a blind man and a dumb man engaging in conversation? asks London Tit-Bits. The truth of the following incident, however, is vouched for by the blind man concerned, who was formerly a patient at St. Dunstan's, the Regent's Park institution, where war heroes who have sacrificed their sight in the great fight for freedom are cared for and taught trades which they can suitably adopt in spite of their sad affliction.

"The incident happened," says the blind hero, "shortly after I arrived home from St. Dunstan's last year. I was out with some friends one evening, and after a walk we made our way to a place of refreshment. A vacant seat was found for me next to a deaf and dumb man. I had known him for some years previous to my blindness, and, naturally enough, he wanted to communicate with me.

"It was useless for him to write on paper, as he generally did when he wished to 'converse' with those who could see, but we both rose to the occasion. I happen to know the finger code of speaking. I just told him that I could no longer see; but it was at first puzzling to know how he could reply. He promptly saved the situation. With his fingers he made the letters on my fingers, and I was able to follow him quite easily. Our ability to engage in conversation caused no little astonishment to the other people present, for never before had they seen a blind man and a deaf and dumb man in conversation."

### WORKERS HAVE MORE AT STAKE THAN ANY OTHERS

A strong appeal to the workmen of this country to participate in the second Liberty Loan to the fullest extent has been made by William B. Wilson, secretary of labor.

Secretary Wilson points out that "the workers have more at stake in this great conflict than any others, because it is only in a democracy that the common people can come into their own."

"The great European war in which we are now involved came to the people of the Western Hemisphere as a terrible shock, and to no portion of the people did it come as a greater shock than to the wage-earners of the United States. They believed in and wanted international peace, but they wanted it on a basis of international justice which would insure the right of our people to govern themselves. When the Imperial German Government undertook to destroy the lives of our people and to impose a rule of conduct upon us without our consent in places under the jurisdiction of the United States government, there was no course left but to resist," Secretary Wilson said.

"The workers have more at stake in this conflict than any others, because it is only in a democracy that the common people can come into their own. The great privilege is not given to all of us to serve our country on the battlefield or in the trenches, but there are other ways in which we can serve and assist those who are privileged to carry our flag on the battlefields of Europe. The impulse of sacrifice for the common good is sending the youth of our country into the trenches in defense of Liberty, humanity and democracy.

"To those of us who must of necessity remain at home to till the soil, harvest the crops, man the factories, mines and mills, the way is open for additional service. We too must make sacrifices. The men who go forth to do battle in the field must be equipped and sustained. Funds must be forthcoming to furnish the food, the fighting forces of the nation. Finances for that purpose must be secured immediately from the sale of bonds. The workers can help by contributing their mite.

Combined Efforts Will Win. "I am reminded of the tale of a great drought when the crops were wasting for the want of water, and one little raindrop said to another in the clouds, 'I would like to go down to the relief of the farmer and his perishing crops, but I am so little it would be useless.' And another little raindrop replied, 'It would be useless for you to go down alone, but let us all go down and our combined effort will bring the needed relief.' The advice was accepted and a beautiful shower poured down on the land and the crops were saved for the harvest.

"And so it is with the workers. The funds each has available is but a drop, but all of the drops together can make a shower of funds that will furnish the needed supplies, bring joy to the hearts of the boys at the front and consternation to our enemies," Secretary Wilson declared.

### English Objector Won Case.

An appeal by a conscientious objector, Clarence Norman, from an order by Justice Low striking out his action against Lieut. Col. R. Brook on the ground that it was frivolous and vexatious, was allowed by the court of appeals, says the London Chronicle. Mr. Norman said the action was brought for damages for alleged assault committed upon him by the order of the defendant, as commandant of Wandsworth detention barracks, on various dates in May and June last year. The assaults consisted of spitting at the appellant, ordering him to be put in a straight-jacket, causing him to be forcibly and threatening him.

### CYCLING FAD BEING REVIVED

Many Persons Who Had Forgotten All About Bicycles Have Taken to Riding Them Again.

There has come a fad for bicycling again. Not a very full-grown fad, to be sure, but still a good many persons who had forgotten all about bicycles or else hardly knew of them have taken to riding them.

And it is rather interesting to note a comment that was made some 20 years ago, when we took up bicycling so very seriously. It was this: That bicycling has done as much harm to the habit of good reading as it had done good to the health of bicyclists.

Nowadays there are so many other things to blame for our loss of the habit of good reading. The moving pictures, of course, come in for their share of blame. And then all our outdoor sports must also take the time that we might otherwise feel disposed to devote to reading. Perhaps if we could go back to the old Victorian habits of women, before outdoor sports were the fashion, we should do much more substantial reading. Perhaps not. Perhaps we have learned to do more things than we used to do and perhaps we are better read today than we used to be.

It would take a good deal of careful work to find out.—Exchange.

### NATIONAL HERO OF SERBIA

Soldiers Believe Prince Marko Arose From Sleep of Centuries to Lead Them to Victory.

Not far above Monastir is Prilip, and in the hills over Prilip Prince Marko has slept in his cave for centuries. He is the national hero of Serbia. The story tells of his exploits in the village squares over night while peace reigned, says Heriberto Carey in the Saturday Evening Post. The day came when Prince Marko found that life wearied him; and so he rode his white horse into the cavern, laid his golden lance down for a pillow and thrust his sword into the rock, and went to sleep.

"So the mess grew over the sword," the Serbian soldiers say. "But each day Prince Marko awoke patiently at the mess, and little by little the rock was worn away. At last the sword fell, and the clang of it awakened Marko, and he leaped on his horse and led us to victory at the battle of Prilip in 1912."

"Do you believe this story?" I asked an old Serb officer.

"The men believe it," said he. "I do not discourage them. They all say they saw Marko on his white horse that day; and they believe that his coming presages certain victory. We shall win back our homes."

### Always the Truth.

Salvatore Cirigliano, the distinguished newspaper merchant of the Park Row building, went to Woodstock, Md., to see the ordination of his brother Dominico as a Jesuit priest, says the New York Sun. He took his little boy with him. At the close of the ceremony the child proceeded with others to kiss the ring of Cardinal Gibbons.

"What is your name?" inquired his eminence.

"Antonio Cirigliano, sir."

"Ah, the nephew of Father Dominico. And how old are you?" pursued the cardinal.

"I was four and a half on the train coming here," said Antonio, "but I'm really six."

"Always the truth," said the cardinal, his eyes twinkling. "Always the truth!"

### Something New About Birds.

Prof. A. A. Allen, in the Scientific American, declares that polygamists among several varieties of our common birds. The felicity of mated birds and the "cooling dove" theory has received a shock from Professor Allen's discovery. Mr. Robin does not deserve all the praise that has been showered upon him; neither does Mr. Wren, for they are both polygamists, says Mr. Allen. He tells of finding two different pairs of robins' nests, the two nests in each pair built exactly alike, joined together and having a common foundation. Two female robins raised broods, sitting side by side in two different nests, one male robin presiding over both households.

### ONE WAY TO CUT DOWN BELLS

Reform in Women's Footwear Must Come Through Science, Not Legislation, It Is Declared.

The attempt to legislate high heels out of existence has failed. The women, or rather the shrewd men who make a profit by setting women's fashions, have triumphed. The state senate killed the proposed measure, says the Chicago Journal regarding a bill to limit the height of heels.

It deserved killing. If the shogun of Japan, at the height of the power of that military regime, could not keep women from powdering their faces, it is a fairly safe wager that the feeble executive powers of the state of Illinois would prove utterly unequal to the task of keeping women from walking on their toes. The law, if passed, would have been the dearest kind of a dead letter.

The way to cut down heels lies through science, not through legislative halls. Take a moving picture of the wallowing, uncertain and most ungraceful waddle of the woman wearing three-inch heels and one of the free, graceful walk of the woman who has discarded such hobbies. Show these contrasting pictures in all the movie theaters for a few weeks, and you will accomplish more for rational shoe reform than all the bills the legislature could pass 'twixt this and doomsday.

## The Meeting

Harry Irving Greene  
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Western Newspaper Union



THE bosom of Sergeant Lyndham was filled to the brim with disgust and loathing. Nor was this disgust and loathing entirely without reason. Months of wallowing like a pig in the mud of trenches does not sweeten the soul, and when it is combined with endless duties in the cold fall rains of a shell-swept region that is akin to the borders of inferno, the nerves become ragged. Hence had come about the curdling of the milk of human kindness which had previously existed within him.

Nor had a few little midnight surprise parties over the top in which the bayonet had been the principal piece of resistance tended to decrease these sensations. Even being bowled 20 feet by the concussion of a shell had not cheered him. But it had remained for a whiff of poison gas and a squirt of liquid fire to set and solidify his mind to its present condition. Alive, dead, or as yet unborn, Sergeant Lyndham was of the fixed opinion that he did not like the Boches.

And the last 24 hours had been particularly obnoxious from the fact that they had been entirely sleepless. The horizon was still lurid with cannon flashes and the uproar remained fiendish despite the fact that it was hours after midnight, but he was accustomed to such things, and knew that once asleep, they would not trouble him. Also, for all he knew, he might dream of something pleasant. He was free now for a few hours within his blankets, and was in the act of removing his boots when his captain thrust his head within and motioned for him to come forth. Knowing that something both new and disagreeable confronted him, he arose and stepped out as commanded.

For a quarter of a mile they silently wound their way along a muddy road until the dim lights of a partially shell-riddled house appeared before them. Into this they entered, and the sergeant, casting his eyes about, saw the colonel of his regiment sitting at a table. Saluting he stood at attention.

"Sergeant Lyndham," said the colonel thoughtfully. "A few months ago when you accompanied one of our air men over the line and destroyed a plant of the enemy, you did a very brave and skillful thing. For that act you were made a sergeant. Tonight we must have another duty performed, and I have selected you because of my confidence in your courage and ability. It is very likely that you will not return, yet war demands its sacrifices. Without knowing more of this new duty do you volunteer to try and accomplish it?" It was plain enough now that there would be no rest or sleep for him again this night, and the sergeant's disgust and loathing mounted accordingly. Yet he managed to swallow them.

"Yes, sir," he grunted. The colonel nodded.

"You are a brave and willing soldier, sergeant. Were it not for the fact that the regiment contains so many men like you I would sometimes become filled with fear and sadness. Now for the reason I sent for you. You will remember the trenches which run through Thier's woods, do you not?"

"Slightly, colonel. I helped capture them from the Boches at the point of the bayonet."

"And in turn were driven from them by the same amiable gentlemen," Lyndham made a wry face.

"Yes, colonel. But they surprised us most unfairly. It was all very disgusting and made me loathe them."

"I have no doubt. But now listen. We have reason to believe that they have evacuated the position, while it has become important that we regain it. You will follow my reasoning. If the enemy has deserted the ditch we wish to know it, while if he has not, it is equally important that we should know, since we must be advised beforehand our advance—whether resistance or unopposed occupancy. Therefore, we are compelled to send someone as a scout to ascertain the conditions."

"And because of the darkness and treacherous terrain are useless?"

"Exactly. Therefore, you will crawl upon your stomach to the wood, going alone the better to escape observation. By working your way flat upon the ground and instantly becoming still should their lights fall upon you, you may be mistaken by them for what you are likely to become—one of the dead men of which you will pass many, if you are lucky. Should you return with this information, well and good; if not, we will be compelled to adopt other means to secure our information. You had best plan to arrive there by the first light of day that you may be able to observe conditions. If you find the trenches empty, you will have to run for it coming back. We will be watching and if we see you returning, even though you may not succeed in reaching our lines, we will understand that the other man's weapon was full upon his breast. Into the eyes of his foe he saw leap the deadly glare of hatred as the grimy hands tightened about the butt as the finger prepared to press the trigger. Sergeant Lyndham had more than half expected to be killed before the war was over, but he never pictured his end as coming like this—at the hand of one who was already little better than a dead man. Yet what was to be would be, and in what he believed to be his last moment upon earth a thought flashed across his mind. For the first time throughout the black night he had just passed, he remembered what day this was, and

remembered what day this was, and



"A Merry Christmas to You, Fritz," He Grinned.

the sardonic humor of the thing filled him. "Shoot. And a merry Christmas to you, Fritz," he grinned.

Slowly the fingers of the other relaxed. His eyes softened, and a deep sigh came from the heaving chest. The bloodless lips opened again.

"Himml! And so it is Christmas morning! I had forgotten." The hand sank to the ground and the head fell forward. Very faintly the voice was arising.

"Peace on earth and good will to man." What good that I should shoot you, when many more are doubtless at your back—and none of mine? Those trenches you have regained—for the time being. Five minutes more and I shall be dead. I die—it is the holiest hour of a man's life as this is the holiest day. Nein. I will kill no more." His face faded, and a faint smile lighted it. "Merry Christmas, Englisher."

### THE WORLD ON WHEELS.

First Clerk—Well, I mortgaged my house yesterday.

Second Clerk—What make of car are you going to get?—The Lamb.

### A DEFICIT.

Mr. Newlywed—I've insured my life for five thousand dollars.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, Jack, and the car I want costs seven.

### TIME TO MOVE.

Old Maid—The moonlight makes me feel romantic.

City Boarder—Let's go in the house.

### SAVED HIM THE TROUBLE.

Silas—"Got yer north field plowed yet?"

Reuben—"Yes, a bunch of amateur golfers went over it yesterday."—Life.

### Korea Gold Mine for Japan.

The total output of the Korean mines last year exceeded 15,000,000 yen (\$7,500,000). This amount is far greater than the gold production of the mother country, says the East and West News. The three largest gold mines in Korea—Unsan, Sunan and Changsang—are managed by foreigners. The largest gold mine entirely directed by Japanese is the Asano, in Suanan district, South Pyongangdo. Kensington mine in the same province, managed by the Hokkaido firm, is equally prosperous. Fushikang mine, in Songchon district, is developing greatly. Most of the gold are produced in Korea goes to Japan for refinement, but a refinery has recently been built at Chinnampo that will save some of these shipments.

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